and I often go very far to get it and to work up a thirst first. And afterward I feel tortured as by a burning sensation and study my thirst patiently.

Moreover, I know that this manner of life is bad and that the writer must refuse himself to things, but today I enjoy convincing myself of the contrary and creating future sufferings for the time when I shall no longer satisfy myself. And again, other lives! other lives; all that we can live of them, *ourselves,* and (knowing that this is a mistake) all the emotions we can taste for the sake of recounting them.

La Roque, 14 July

I shall remember that then, as last year, I read Tacitus as I walked along the avenue of pines and distant landscape (that admirable thirteenth book in which Nero gradually loses his softness and his inborn fears). Nature, all around., seemed imbued with a horrible and dull sadness.

The cultivation of my emotions was bad; the Stendhalian upbringing is unfortunate and dangerous. I have lost the habit of lofty thought; this is a *most regrettable* thing. I live in a facile manner, and this must not go on. Everything in life must be intentional, and the will constantly taut like a muscle.

Yet I do not regret having changed my method for a year; but one must always come back to oneself. No, I do not regret it; I know that everything can be turned to advantage, provided one is conscious about it. *And I have lived much. But one must certainly pull oneself together.*

August

Nothing matters; I am happy. I am completely happy even so. That is enough. . . . And I shall have known sorrow.

Honfleur, on the street

And, at times, it seemed to me that others, around

me, were alive only for the purpose of increasing in rne the feeling of my own personal life.

The great works of silence.

Wait for the work to become silent in you before writing it.

"Serious. . . , One must always come back to this word when discussing him," said Fromentin speaking of Ruysdael. And I like Delacroix's remark: "The work contains a seriousness that is not to be found in the man."

Before leaving I reread all of my journal; I did so with inexpressible disgust. I find nothing in it but pride; pride even in the manner of expressing myself. Always some form of pretentiousness, claiming either